

De La Soul Lyrics

"Take It Off"

(It's hurting.)
(Smell your breath!)
(You smell like Jabba.)
(Your nose is what's doing it.)
(You're talking into the recording... YO!)
(Okay Lucky, start it off.)

Take take take take take it off...
Take it off, take take take take it off
Take it off, take take take take it off,
Take it off, take take take take it off,

Take it off,
Take it OFF!

(Take that suede front off)
Take it OFF!

(Take those contacts off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that horsemeat off)
Take it OFF!

(Take those shell-toes off)
Take it OFF!

(Take those track fleas off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that doo-rag off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that moth rag off)
Take it OFF!

(Take those fat laces off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that bomber off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that BVD off)
Take it OFF!

(Take those Converse off)
Take it OFF!

(And those Gazelles too)
Take it OFF!

(Take that Kangol off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that Jordache off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that Afro off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that jhericurl off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that Le Tigre off)

Take those acid-washed jeans, bell-bottomed, designed by your mama... off? Please? Please..